
Title: The Entropic Chant

Author: Kaelthir

I am the thorn in the
foot, I am the blur in
the sight;
I am the worm at the
root, I am the thief in
the night.
I am the rat in the wall,
the leper that leers at
the gate;
I am the ghost in the
hall, herald of horror and
hate.
I am the rust on the
corn, I am the smut on
the wheat;
Laughing man's labor to
scorn, weaving a web for
his feet.
I am canker and mildew
and blight, danger and
death and decay;
The rot of the rain by
night, the blast of the
sun by day.
I warp and wither with
drought, I work in the
swamp's foul yeast;
I bring the black plague
from the south and
leprosy in from the east.
I am the shrill cold spirit
that chills the darkness
you feel after dark.
I am the chaos that
tears stars apart.

You cannot escape me
You cannot defeat me
You can only embrace me